Ambushed by Greedy.Insanity

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It 2017 Oneshot. Just a short thing I found in my WIP folder.

Ambushed

The clouds growled at what had transpired only minutes before, darkening with anger once more. They had already shown their displeasure by soaking the ground to create a cold, slick mud that clung to clothes like a child to its mother. That's where Henry was, embraced by the cold chill of the mud, his own clothes ruined. His hair was clumped by the mud.

His hands laid uselessly at his sides, fingers curled and nails pressed stubbornly into his palm. His eyes stared blankly up at the sky, the wind carrying whispers of the Loser's Club rapidly fading conversation as they celebrated their recent victory. He wanted nothing more than to run after them, to bash their skulls in. But, he could hardly do that if he couldn't even gather the energy to get out of the mud and oncoming rain.

Blood trickled down his face and arms, soaking his tan skin and the mud with a scarlet that would cause anyone to freeze at the sight. His body hurt from the many bruises the rocks had caused, but he couldn't find it in him to get up and pursue the Loser's. He just wanted to lay down and sleep for a little, wait for his body to heal. He craved the sweet, painless limbo of sleep.

His eyes drifted shut, but Henry didn't fight it. The cold embrace of the mud was starting to become a comfort. A rapidly warming blanket, perhaps.

"Henry!" His name echoed around him, bouncing within his head but not rousing him. At least, not until his name was yelled again, sounding much closer and even more desperate. He opened his eyes, noticing the person looming over him. Victor's pale face blocked out the sky above him, his equally pale blond hair plastered to his forehead from the rain. Speckles of mud was plastered to his cheeks, giving him faux freckles that was cuter than Henry wanted to admit.

"Hey." Henry grimaced when his chest rattled from the word. He could see how worried Vic was by the movement of his hands. They couldn't settle. Henry tried to assure him with a strong smile. Vic was always getting worried for the others, like a fucking mother hen.

However, Henry could only keep his grimace in place. Everything hurt too much.

Vic still hadn't figured out what to do with his hands, which hovered uncertainly over Henry's chest. They brushed over the bare skin of Henry's arms, leaving warm trails in the cold mud. Henry pulled his voice from the depths of his chest, the sound raspy and weak. "The kids, they ambushed me."

Vic turned as though to stare down who had done this, but they both knew already that the kids were long gone. The wisps of conversation that were now absent from the air was evidence enough. All they could do now was gather their losses and try another day. Henry felt his attention slip as his eyes slid to the sky over Vic's right shoulder. Such a soft gray-

A hand pressed firmly against his cheek. He blinked twice.

"Let's get you home," Vic said softly, standing up before attempting to pull Henry up by his armpits. Vic's feet slid in the mud, creating deep ruts that were quickly oozing over his shoes and onto his pants. Vic's thing structure wasn't just for show. He was as strong as that Loser Eddie.

Henry winced as Vic tried to tug him to his feet again, but none-the-less struggled upright. His legs shook, his vision dancing as mud slid down his face. He had to use Vic as a crutch to stay upright, the growing headache hacking away at his focus. There was no way he could go home like this.

"Not there, Vic," Henry murmured, allowing Vic to slide an arm around Henry's waist to keep him stead. The soft touch was a foreign feeling to Henry, and he was wary of it despite who was beside him. It left a warm feeling in his chest though, so Henry didn't pull away. He didn't think he could even if he wanted to.

He wrapped an arm about Vic's shoulders, but tried to keep his own weight on his feet. He didn't want to appear weak, even if they were the only two around. A quick glance told Henry all he needed to know when he met Vic's eyes, but Henry's skin still grew tight in embarrassment. "Please, not now."

"My parents shouldn't me home." Vic was talking quietly now, his gaze shifting to the ground as he started to guide Henry to his own house. He realized how much Henry despised saying polite words. The rain finally came down in a torrent, creating little streaks of clean skin among the dirty plaster on Henry's skin. "Come on, Hen."

Henry could feel the little, disgustingly fuzzy feeling traveling to his gut when he recognized the nickname, so much so that he barely noticed Vic slip his knife into his jeans.